

# THE FARMER & GARDENER;

## AND LIVE-STOCK BREEDER & MANAGER.

CONDUCTED BY I. IRVINE HITCHCOCK, AND ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER ESTABLISHMENT, AT \$5 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

No. 7.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 17, 1834.

Vol. I.

THIS publication is the successor of the late  
**AMERICAN FARMER,**

(which is discontinued,) and is published at the same office, at five dollars per year, payable in advance.

When this is done, 50 cents worth of any kind of seeds on hand will be delivered or sent to the order of the subscriber with his receipt.

**American Farmer Establishment.**

BALTIMORE: TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1834.

**CHANGE OF PUBLICATION DAY.**—For greater convenience in the mechanical department of our paper, we have changed the day of publication, from Friday to Tuesday. Our city subscribers will hereafter receive their papers on Tuesday morning.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The practical farmer, being unaccustomed to writing, is often deterred from giving his experience to the public, by which means the most important facts are often lost to all but himself, through a fear of criticism. In order to aid persons so disposed, we will give the following as a style and form of composition which is particularly agreeable to us, and we hope many will be encouraged to trouble us with like communications.

Woodside, June 9th, 1834.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed is \$10, which I have obtained from two of my friends, as subscription to your valuable paper. Send them from the first of the present volume; one to Mr. John Richardson, Wilmington, Del., the other to Mr. John Platt, Wilmington, Del. I have several other of my friends in view that I am in hopes of obtaining as subscribers. \* \* \* Harvest is approaching—I shall commence cutting my grass in a day or two—crops generally look well, except grass. Yours, &c. S. CANBY.

OAK GROVE OFFICE, KY. }  
May 29th, 1834. }

SIR:—I am making some experiments on the culture of the eglantine rose, or sweet-briar, and the honey-locust hedging—800 yards of the first, and 400 yards of the second—and which promise entire success; and about which, since I hold it an axiom in good citizenship no man should "hold his light under a bushel," I may at a season of leisure, venture to offer for the columns of the Farmer & Gardener, my experience and observation; provided, the home-spun essays of the awkward "clod-hopper" are not forbidden its columns. Can you give us an instance of any hedging in the United States, of the abovenamed materials, that is full-grown or complete, and how has

it answered?—does it promise longevity? You would greatly enhance the fertile prairie and barren lands of the West, could you assure their people of the practicability of the just named sort of hedging, especially the sweet-briar, since it requires no pruning, and may be procured in great quantities by the seed. The honey-locust, though easily raised from the seed, having to be pruned annually would deter many from its culture. May not either of these hedgings, especially the sweet-briar, be rendered more effective by a small ditch on its side? or would the ditch render the ground on which the hedge grows too arid?—Every information on this hedge culture which you or your public-spirited correspondents may please to convey us through the medium of the Farmer & Gardener, will, I am sure, be received with much interest by many of its readers.

Very respectfully yours,

GARRITT MERIWETHER.

We are much obliged to our correspondent for his observations on hedging; and shall, at any time, be glad to receive an account of his matured experience on this subject, and that without any regard to the style in which they are communicated. His present effort shows there is no occasion to apply the observation to him, but we hope no practical farmer will permit any important fact connected with his occupation to lie buried in his own breast, through a fear that he may in reporting it, fall short of the smooth flowing style of a Cobbet, or the elegance and flowery diction of a Milton or a Pope. In our horticultural department we profess ourselves to be the admirers of flowers; but it is the flowers of the Parterre, and not the flowers of rhetoric we profess to patronise.

We hope some of our correspondents will favor us with their experience on the subject of hedging with the sweet-briar, or the Cherokee or Greville rose.

We have had a slight experience ourselves with the honey-locust, and we experienced a complete defeat; for all the moles in the neighborhood appeared to have a sugar-tooth, for they eat up all our honey-locusts.—Ed.

### ART OF MANAGING SHEEP.

To the Editor of the Farmer and Gardener:—

SIR:—I have been very desirous of ascertaining the particular method in which Mr. Barney of Philadelphia manages his sheep, that enables him so far to exceed every body else in producing fine mutton, and good wool.

On his late visit to this city, I put the question to him, wherein consisted his superior management of sheep? he gave the following reply:—He said, a gentleman visited him not long since, and on going to his sheep yard, and viewing it asked him the same question. He shewed at

that time from 50 ewes, upwards of sixty lambs, all lively and brisk, with a loss, I think he said, of three or four. The gentleman observed to him that he had his shed covered with dead lambs; and asked wherein the secret in breeding lay. Mr. Barney observed to him, you stuff your sheep with dry food. Yes, as much good clover hay as they will eat, was the reply. Mr. B.—You give them no water, but suffer them to go out in time of snow and eat it as they are disposed to do? Yes. Then said Mr. Barney, there lies the secret. Your sheep fill themselves with dry hay; they get no water; and they have not a sufficient supply of gastric juice to promote the digestion of the hay in the stomach; they cannot raise it to chew the cud; they lose their appetite; are thrown into a fever; and cannot bring forth their young, or they bring forth a feeble, starved lamb, that falls off and dies the first exposure to the cold or rain. On the contrary, I take care to provide my sheep with good clear water in summer and winter. I feed them regularly with hay through the winter, and give them ruta бага and mangel wurtzel every day. The ewes produce me 120 per cent. increase in lambs. You cannot, says Mr. Barney, get along without ruta бага and mangel wurtzel.

This gentleman has just sold his sheep for upwards of seventeen dollars per head to the butchers.—It is his opinion that sheep are the most profitable stock that a man can raise; and it appears he makes use of no expensive food, or increased quantity of it. But the secret of raising good stock of every kind, consists in maintaining that regular and cleanly mode of proceeding, which preserves the digestive organs of the animal in a healthy state, and enables them to convert what they eat into chyle, suitable for the nourishment of the animal.

Respectfully yours, A.

The season for sowing Millet having arrived, we call the attention of farmers to this object, it being one of much interest to those who have had their thin crop of grass cut off by the inclemency of the season. We insert below an extract from a letter of a gentleman whose opinions are good authority for the guidance of the inexperienced.

Wilmington, June 13th, 1834.

To the Editor of the Farmer & Gardener:—

DEAR SIR:—I generally put three quarters of a bushel of seed per acre—in very rich land I have put as much as one bushel; but on poor land, half a bushel and half a peck is enough. Even sowing is required in all cases; for if too thick, the Millet will grow too short, and if too thin, it grows too rank. I have cultivated Millet extensively these twelve years past, and will with pleasure write you the result of my experience, if I can get the time to do so.—Yours very sincerely,

E. I. DUPONT.

## THE FARMER.

[From the Genesee Farmer.]

### PROFITS OF A NEW YORK FARM.

Sir—At the solicitation of a friend, I am induced to give a statement of the products of my farm for the year 1833, and of its general management. In doing this, as my grain is not yet all taken to market, I cannot now arrive at perfect accuracy; but, from what is thrashed and sold, I can make a correct estimate of the quantity, and I have ascertained the price for such as has not been actually sold.

My farm is situated on an extensive plain that was once covered pretty generally with small pine timber. The soil is sand, occasionally gravel, and more or less mixed with loam. It consists of about two hundred acres, of which thirty are in wood, twenty in meadow, and ten acres of waste leaving for cultivation about one hundred and forty acres of arable, or land used for the plough, which is divided into seven lots of twenty acres each. One of these lots is planted each year in corn, on clover sod: the corn is the large twelve rowed early yellow, and my usual produce is about fifty bushels per acre. My mode of cultivation is, that after the lot has lain one year in clover to plough it the last of April or the first of May, about six inches deep—then furrow both ways with a light corn plough, the first time across the furrows about two feet nine inches apart, and the next about three feet. I plant immediately after furrowing. As soon as the corn is up the length of the finger, I harrow it with a large heavy harrow, lengthwise with the furrow, as the ground was originally ploughed, and take two rows at a time. Two men or boys follow the harrow with aprons, out of which they plaster the corn—and also to raise any plants which may have been thrown down by the harrow passing over them. In about a week after, I ploughed once between the rows, as they are planted the narrowest way; the men followed with the hoe, and they will finish twenty acres in ten days. In a fortnight more I ploughed it the widest way of planting, twice between the rows, and throw the ground towards the plant. I cut the stalk above the ear as soon as the kernel in the ear is hard, and secure the stalks in shocks. We husk the corn on the hill and two men will gather 100 bushels of ears in a day. The lot which was in corn I put down the succeeding year to oats, and it usually produces about 40 bushels per acre. This lot I seed down with western clover seed about 3 quarts per acre. Two lots are in wheat, which were likewise the year previous in clover sod. The one was ploughed the first of August, and again just previous to sowing in September, the other the last of August or first of September, about a fortnight previous to sowing: these lots had the benefit of my barn manure which was scattered over such portions as I thought required it most. I commonly sow about one bushel twelve quarts per acre. Thus four lots are employed: one in corn, one in oats, two in wheat, the remaining three are in pasture—making seven, (besides the meadow.) Two of these are again to be ploughed up in the fall for wheat, and the remaining one is for corn, the succeeding season. The experience of twenty years has con-

firmed me in the belief, that this is the most successful mode of cultivation for our soil, and I have at all events been satisfied with the amount of produce my farm has yielded me. I annex a statement showing the amount of produce, and the proceeds therefrom, of my farm, for the year 1833:

CR.	
20 acres of meadow, 2 tons hay per acre, sold at \$7 50 per ton,	\$300 00
20 acres producing 1000 bushels of corn, at 62½ cents per bushel,	625 00
40 acres producing 800 bushels wheat at \$1 06½,	850 00
20 acres producing 800 bushels oats, at 37½ cents,	300 00
500 bushels potatoes, at 25 cents,	125 00
3000 weight pork, sold at \$5 50,	165 00
Sold one beef,	25 00
500 weight butter, at 50 cents	112 00
55 lambs, increase of my flock,	80 00
The item of pasturage not put down.	
DR.	
To hiring 1 man per year at \$100 00	
To do do 7 months,	70 00
To hiring 15 days in harvest,	13 12
3½ tons of plaster, at \$7 50	26 25
3½ bushels clover seed, at \$7 50,	26 25
Taxes,	15 00
Mechanic's bill,	50 00
	320 62

	Income;	\$2341 38
The farm sold at \$60 for two hundred acres,	\$12,000 00	
Stock for working the farm and implements,	1,000 00	
	\$13,000 00	
Interest on this sum at 7 per cent.,	910 00	

Gain, \$1,431 38  
Making the entire interest upon \$13,000, after deducting expenses, about 18 per cent.

There are other profits from the farm not enumerated in the preceding statement, such as house rent, garden, orchard, raising of poultry, &c. I will put them against my little incidental expenses not enumerated, but which they will be amply sufficient to defray. The labor upon my farm is performed by two men as above stated, but under my own direction, and all our operations tend to lessen the amount of labor as much as practicable, and I find that nothing conduces more to this result than to keep ahead of my work through the season. For myself, I labor but moderately, but keep up a constant supervision. I will only add that since I have adopted the principle of total abstinence from ardent spirits at all seasons of the year, I think I have not only gained vastly in the amount of work done by my men, but my farming business has gone on more cheerfully.

Yours, respectfully, TUNIS HARDER.

[From the Genesee Farmer.]

BOARD FENCE.—The subject of fencing is one of much importance to the farmer; and every thing on that subject is highly interesting. The communication of *Dan. Bradley, Esq.* page 109 of the present volume, on the best manner of making board fence, is worthy of an attentive perusal from

every farmer. A fence made in the manner he described, would undoubtedly be durable; but I would suggest whether the setting the posts alternately on both sides of the fence would not greatly add to its strength. I have a fence in view made in this way some twenty years ago, standing in a situation exposed to high winds, yet as erect as when first built. A farmer of my acquaintance who has had much experience in this kind of fence, carried his partiality for it so far as to build a door yard picket fence in this manner; and for a plain picket fence it was the handsomest I ever saw. The posts were sawed six inches at bottom, two at top, and four inches wide. The upper rail was spiked on the posts, and the other two halved on. The pickets were two inches wide, one inch thick, and five feet in length, reaching to the ground. The bottom board was one foot wide, nailed on to the pickets, this giving a heavier finish than when the pickets are placed upon it.—The posts standing outside, instead of looking bad, were an ornament, adding an appearance of stability and firmness, always pleasing to a farmer.

To illustrate more fully the advantage of setting posts both sides of the fence, I will describe a fence I have seen made where almost the only support it had consisted in thus placing the posts. The posts were made of plank 18 inches wide, 2½ inches thick, 4½ long, sawed in two diagonally, so as to make two posts 18 inches wide at bottom and 1 inch at top—in shape a right angled triangle. These posts were placed on flat stones, and the boards nailed on in the usual manner, well battened and a good top board spiked on. As a precaution to its overturning, a strip of white oak plank three inches wide and three feet long is driven into the ground on the outward edge of each post, and nailed to it. A fence made in this manner, in situations not exposed to winds, may stand a long time—at least it will not rot—can easily be righted up, and a post set in the ground to support it when necessary. It at least shows the advantage of having posts placed on both sides of the fence, and having the bottom larger than the top. This kind of fence, if the boards are an inch thick, and well nailed, will withstand any horse or bull, and may perhaps be advantageous to those who cannot procure good timber for posts.

At any rate, set your posts on both sides of your fence, build it as recommended by *Dan. Bradley*, and if it wont stand a hard blow, I am mistaken.

We agree with the above writer, that fencing is a matter of the first consequence to the farmer and gardener; and that every hint on the subject becomes interesting. In order that we may supply our ratio in the progressing improvements, we relate the result of a mode we saw practiced in that way.

The boards were made of the common yellow pine, 3-4 inch thick;—previous to their being put in the fence, they were laid for some time in a trough of the proper length, containing thin white-wash; care being taken that the boards were entirely submersed, and kept separate, by thin strips being placed between them. They



were suffered to lie in this position until they were pretty well saturated with the white-wash; then taken out, and others put in their place, to undergo the same operation.

At the time we saw this fence, it had been standing seven years. One part of the string of fence was made in this way, and the other part made of materials of the same quality taken indiscriminately, but without the use of lime. That part which was taken made without lime, was at the time we speak of, undergoing repair; and at least one half the boards of which it was composed, were so far decayed, as to be unworthy of being made use of in the new fence. On the contrary, on examining the boards in the other portion of the fence, which had been treated with lime as abovementioned, it was found that it did not need repairing, and no signs of decay were perceived. On being chipped off, the boards presented the appearance, all through their substance, that may be seen in the staves of an old lye tub; and, to all appearance, would last as much longer, without needing a renewal.

## THE GARDENER.

### ADDRESS

TO THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF MARYLAND,  
By John H. B. Latrobe, May 15, 1834.

*Ladies and Gentlemen of the Horticultural Society.*

We have met again in accordance with the immemorial usage, that makes the season of an anniversary one of more than ordinary observances. It is the same with societies as with individuals. The birth-day brings to both its cherished memories. It marks the progression of their existence, and adds to its dignity. What they lose in the freshness of youth, they gain in the authority of age; and both anticipate the anniversaries of their origin, with feelings more inclined to chide the slowness, than to deprecate the rapidity, of the step of time.

Our Society is of too recent date to afford, upon an occasion like this, much interest from the recollections of the past. Our founders are still too intimately our friends for us to accord to them the full meed of praise, that they may one day receive as our benefactors. When the lapse of years shall have invested our present proceedings with the dim and shadowy shape and attributes, with which time loves to clothe his elder born, the individual, who then delivers the address of this festival, may find in our history ample ground for speculation; and the genealogy of a plant, the paternity of a name, may be made matters of grave and ingenious discussion; while the tradition of some enormous vegetable, or unparalleled crop, may excite, among future horticulturists, the same admiration that we, to-day, feel at the accounts of the giant productions of the antediluvian world. Now, however, without the past to resort to, the interest of this occasion must be drawn from that treasury of innocence, beauty, and richness, the fruits and flowers.

In most instances, accident determines the date of societies, and fixes the period of each succeeding anniversary. There is rarely any thing that makes one season preferable to another. What matters it, whether the organization of a bible society, a temperance society, or any of the almost countless creations of philanthropy, be commemorated during the summer or the winter solstice, save for the convenience of the crowd, that may throng to do honor to the occasion? Not so with us. Nature has indicated our season of rejoicing. Led to form the association that connects us by a common admiration for the productions of her vegetable world, it is with peculiar propriety that our celebrations take place when we may collect the fairest of these around us; not only as the ornaments of our hall; not only as witnesses of our skill; not only as specimens of the rare and curious; but as the powerful, though silent, advocates of our purposes. Winter would furnish forth but a sorry garniture for an occasion that should be marked by none but pleasant recollections. Few converts would be made to horticulture by the language of the cypress, the fir, the box, or the holly. The evergreens, after all, are but melancholy objects; and as they stand prominent in the snowy landscape, in their sombre dress, are like the rear-guards of a retreating army, left alone to abide the attack of the pursuing foe; and which, even when surviving to join their fellows, are at once lost sight of, amid the brilliant and uninjured crowd that collects around them. Winter brings but few pleasures to the horticulturist. But spring is his season of enjoyment. Then it is, that, released from the warm and protecting earth, the invigorating juices spread throughout the plant; the leaves, escaping from their envelopes, cover it with their mantle; and, freed from their buds, like jewels of rare price from their gaudy caskets, blossoms or flowers adorn it with a beauty surpassing that of the richest treasures of the ocean or the mine. Then it is, that the heart of man expands with the bursting bud, and becomes open to all holy and kindly influences. Simple and innocent objects more readily attract his notice. His inclination is to leave the city, and seek the green fields. A fair bright morning fills him with joy. His step is more elastic, his tone is more cheerful. He glances often at the clear sky; and when, at last, he turns to the cares of business within doors, he almost envies their lot, whose occupations, even of manual labor, entitle them to enjoy the sun and breeze of spring during their toil. Spring is the saturnalia of vegetation, when emancipated from the thralldom of winter, it puts on its gayest robes, and starts into moving and palpable life and freedom, from the tall oak to the quiet and modest little wild flower, that raises its head beside the yet lingering snow-drift. Spring is the birth-day of the world of flowers; and we assemble to celebrate it, not less than to mark the return of our own anniversary.

Horticulture has two aspects: the useful and the ornamental. The first, connected closely with the culinary art and the wants of the table; the last, relating to the culture of flowers and shrubs, and the disposition of them in such wise, as to enhance their individual beauty by judicious and striking contrasts. The connection of the two, so as to produce the greatest usefulness, in com-

bination with the best pictorial effect, is a desideratum of horticulture. It is rare, however, to see them united now-a-days. The kitchen garden, with its skillfully aligned regiments of cabbages, beets and carrots; its asparagus, springing up here and there, like disorderly militia at an old field training; its heavy artillery of melons and cantelopes, mounted on appropriate eminences, and its long ranks of peas and tomatoes, is placed out of sight, and kept, like an army of reserve, for the protection of the citadel, the hard fighting, and the actual service: while the flower garden, with its fair weather soldiery, trigged out in the gaudiest uniforms, is thrust conspicuously into notice. Of the former of these, it is not my intention now to speak. Ample justice has been done to the useful products of the garden by my predecessor in this office, who, with classic taste, pronounced their playful yet brilliant eulogy, at the first festival of our society. My present purpose is with the garden, as a picture, for which nature has provided the coloring and the materials, and left man to make the disposition of them.

He, who would excel in horticulture, as a means of producing agreeable effects, by the combination of choice, various and beautiful elements, should commence by studying nature as he finds her in the woods and in the fields. Within the narrow compass, that ordinarily limits his labors he cannot, it is true, hope to imitate the model, thus proposed to him, in its forests, lakes and mountains: but he should mark, nevertheless, the features of the landscape; should notice how the sun-light and the shadow alternate upon it, like smiles and frowns upon the face of woman in her loveliness; should observe the graceful form of every object around him, from the swelling hill and the winding stream, that lie in dim perspective, to the tiniest blade of the grass at his feet, and thus improve his taste and collect his materials in the best of all schools for the horticulturist—that of nature herself. At every turn, he will find the advantage of such studies, and in all his work will the touch of the artist be perceptible; whether it be but a geranium, that requires his care, to pull its withered leaves and direct aright its straggling branches, or, whether, upon the extended landscape, he attempts to combine the lawn and the wood, the lake and the waterfall, in the most striking forms of the picturesque and romantic.

Two prints, that I have seen, of the same subject, occur to me, as forcibly illustrating the idea, which it is my purpose to convey.

In the seventeenth century, an Italian artist was employed to exercise his imagination in painting the garden of Eden, to be engraved as an ornament to a poem. In the foreground, he placed three beds, of the most approved form for the culture of cabbages, occupied by a monkey, a fox, a leopard, two doves, a chicken and a pair of rabbits; the whole bounded by a hedge, having an arbor in the middle of it, with a fountain tossing jets to the right and left, like the accommodating froth of the ever-spouting bottles of a cake house sign. Beyond the hedge many box-girt squares and circles, with a clipped cedar in the centre of each, surrounded the tree of life, bearing the fatal apple prominently displayed. This formed the middle ground of the landscape: and, further still, a suc-

cession of eminences, with straggling bushes upon them, like remnants of a routed army, reached to the horizon. A clear sky, occupied by some half dozen fowls of rather extraordinary dimensions, and a sun, with a broad merry face and ample rays, completed this rare conception of the blest abode on earth of the first parents of our race. The artist, no doubt, never once looked from the window of his apartment even, while engaged at his work; but painted the pleasantest spot that he remembered, the formal and ill arranged garden of the period, where he breathed the fresh air, and forgot for a while his pallet and its colors.

In later days, an illustration of the garden of Eden was again required; and the painting was once more brought to the assistance of poetry, in delineating a terrestrial Paradise. This time, however, the wild and vivid genius of Martin, whose pencil seems to possess the power of expressing the infinity of space and numbers, was employed to transfer to canvass the divine imaginings of Milton; to represent

"In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, nay more,  
A heaven on earth."

While his Italian predecessor has sought his materials in the horticultural absurdities of his time, Martin resorted at once to the elements of the beautiful and grand, afforded by nature. In his picture, the remote mountain, invested with the warm coloring of a summer atmosphere, blends so harmoniously with the bright sky beyond, that its irregular, yet graceful outline, is just perceptible in the prolonged perspective. Vast forests extend along its base, until their ranges become more and more distinct, and a rich mass of varied foliage, basking in the yellow sunlight, forms a glorious garniture for "the river which runs out of Eden to water the garden," here spreading into a broad and placid lake,

"That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned,  
Her crystal mirror holds."

Here and there, a tall palm tree, with its graceful leaves, waves over the inferior foliage, to break and diversify its gorgeous sameness, like the bending plume, which, o'er the brow of beauty, gives lightness, not less than dignity, to the charms below it. Still nearer, to the left, a long and shadowy vista leads upwards from the river banks, the cool quiet of whose unbroken solitude is placed in immediate contrast with the glitter and noise of the water-fall, which, after dashing and glancing, around rock and over precipice, is lost among the trees on the right of the picture. In the foreground stands the parents of mankind. Around them all is light and warmth. The foliage of the giant tree, that extends its yet unscathed branches above them, the grass under their feet, "damasked with flowers," all seem fresh and animate, as though the impulse of creation had yet scarcely ceased to operate visibly in their growth. Nature, in fine, furnished the elements for the picture of Martin, combined and connected by his exquisite skill into a scene of surpassing beauty.

It is by no means necessary, however, to resort to such illustrations as the genius of this great painter has afforded, to show the superiority of the models which nature presents, over any others within reach of the horticulturist. Few in-

dividuals can return from a journey into the depths of our own Alleghanies, without appreciating a sensible improvement, from their observation of the objects collected and disposed, without order or design, in the great features of that region. Every step among the mountains presents a new combination; until, becoming weary of comparing their respective beauties, all the faculties are absorbed in one continued feeling of admiration. The kaleidoscope of nature here exhibits itself; save that the change is produced by altering the position of the gazer, in place of moving the tube with its brilliant elements of countless and interminable variety. Now, the traveller finds himself at the base of a lofty ridge, where the primeval forest stands unbroken, except by time and tempest, and where the oak, the chestnut, beech, walnut, poplar, and fir, rise side by side, in thick array, as if defying alike the storm of the elements, and the warfare of the axe. A road of gentle ascent, the only evidence of man in the forest, is opened in the midst, now bending inwards to the hill, to round the gorge of some mountain ravine, now reversing its direction, to accomplish the passage of some rocky spur or buttress of the range. On the right, the steep is covered with whole groves of the rhododendron, sheltered by the tall trees, and just bursting into the glory of its summer bloom. The primrose, yet more humble than the mountain laurel, springs from the loose rich soil, and, as the time is evening, just before the setting of the sun, the hill side seems alive, as the broad yellow petals of the flower, wearied of their day's imprisonment, burst, as you watch them, into full perfection. Still lower than the primrose, the modest dodecatheon rears its slender stem, with its blossoms hanging over towards the earth, as though it would avoid the gaze of the observer, and shrink from a comparison with its more brilliant neighbors. On the left of the road, the tinkling sound of the mountain rivulet comes faintly up from the dark ravine, where the sunlight never shone, and where the deer drinks of its waters, as they accumulate in quiet and solitary pools, without fear that the ringing horn, the tramp of horse, the shout of man, or the cry of hound, will disturb him in that admiration of his antlered beauty, which, as the fable runs, was once so fatal to his kind. Above the traveller, a portion of the sky is visible between the tree tops; and, through the opening here made, the oblique rays of the evening sun find their way to the upper branches of the forest, and, reflected from the bright leaves, throw a warm rich coloring over surrounding objects. The scene is exquisitely beautiful; and yet, save the winding road, nature is the only craftsman that has touched it. At length, the summit is gained. The trees are no more quite so lofty as lower down. Now and then, a blasted fir rears its yellow and barkless branches above the woods: but the laurel, the primrose and cowslip, still bloom as bravely as when first observed, far below. Here, however, the storm has had full play. A broad vista, strewn with the fallen wreck of the forest, shews where it has swept by with resistless fury; and, the eye, following the avenue thus formed, passes from mountain to mountain, as they alternate on either side, until the last mingles with the blue of the remote horizon. The road now descends

rapidly, at every turn presenting some new element of beauty. Here, huge masses of rock stand boldly forward, seamed with deep clefts, from which creeping vines hang in long festoons, still further to break and diversify the naked sameness of the stone. Here, a tall poplar, there, a group of pines, rise far above their fellows, and, receiving the earliest and the latest rays of the sun, are the giant telegraphs of the forest, to announce his advent and departure. At the base of the mountain, where all is now in shadow, the road is not the only mark which man has made. A narrow clearing extends to the right and left, until lost in the turnings of the little valley, whose rich soil enticed the emigrant to fix himself in its vicinity. A low and simple fence, almost concealed in the rank luxuriance of the vegetation, separates the clearing from the road, and tall and girdled trees, from which the bark has long since fallen, extend their bare branches over the grass and corn, like spectres, stretching forth their hands to pronounce a malison against the industry that had made them what they were. In the moist places along the road, the lobelia cardinalis shews itself, with its bright scarlet flowers; and in a pond that has collected, owing to the defective drainage of the meadow, a whole fleet of water lillies seem to have anchored for the night. Still further, the snug farm houses, the well cultivated fields, the capacious barns, bring man and his works in combination with other objects; and it is only when darkness falls around him, that the traveller in the mountains of our land ceases to admire.

We have here dealt, only with the general features of the landscape, and the more prominent objects that appear upon it. But every fence corner has its treasury of sweets; its gallery of choice productions, fresh from the hand of the great Artist of all things. There is a world in its narrow limits. It has its grasses, its mosses, its flowers, and a thousand living things to animate it. There is the beetle, that burrows in armour under the decayed stump; The cunning centipede, and his friend the grey quaker-bug, lying *perdu* beneath the broad pebble; the bee, that has drilled his home in the fence rail, and hums unseen in the wood; the ant, that rears his hill in the driest spot, and his contrast in all things, the yellow butterfly, the dandy of the corner, that flutters over the moistest; the spider, who spreads his net to entangle the unwary, and pretends that he pays for the mischief he does, because, when the morning sun shines on the dew drops, that his threads have accumulated, they give the momentary radiance of Golconda's treasures to the little realm around him. Then there is the fire fly, and the glow-worm, to do honor to the night; and if the convolvulus has spread its drapery over the rails, or the sumach put forth its rich berries, or the sweetbriar exhaled its fragrance, to attract the visit of the humming bird, the fence corner, abandoned as it is by the husbandman, as unworthy of culture or attention, is a volume, which the lover of nature may study hour after hour; and, minute in the scale of creation, as are the objects of his attention, they speak a lesson to his heart, which teaches him, more than ever, to appreciate the goodness and almighty power of Him, who has set the everlasting hills on their



foundations, and made perfect, the organization of the smallest plant that adorns their sides, or the most diminutive insect that finds a home beneath the pebbles that are upon them.

It is the same with the prairie as it is with the forest and the mountain. The elements of beauty are scattered far and wide, by a bountiful hand, whose plenty profuseness cannot diminish, and whose work knows no imperfections. On the broad plains of the south-west, on the banks of the great river, that flows into the gulf of Mexico, models of beauty equally abound. There indeed, vegetation becomes colossal. The magnolia, the holly and the laurel, vie with the oak in altitude. The pomegranate and the orange cease to be exotics. The rose, that we here cultivate with so much care, is there used for the protecting hedge. The Druid mistletoe clings, with parasitic strength to the branches of the oak; and the moss, no longer confined to its humble station on the ground, clothes the trees with its lengthened and solemn draperies. Beauty dwells every where amid the works of nature; as well with the lichens, that live beneath the snow, on the summit of Mount Washington, as with the wild flowers of the Alleghanies, or the vast trees of the western vallies; all of which may be studied, with a sure profit, by him, who would combine into the fairest shapes, the productions of the vegetable world.

In England, landscape gardening has been for many years a science, well illustrated by the labors of men of taste and skill, and it is to the spirit, which first shewed itself there, that we are indebted for the abandonment of the fanciful absurdities, that once constituted the pride of the horticulturist. Kings and Queens, forts and haystacks, are no longer produced out of goodly trees by the shears of the gardener. Interminable alleys, of unvarying straightness, have ceased to be considered as indispensable to beauty. Trees are permitted to take the shapes properly belonging to them, or if touched by the artist, it is done so skilfully, as to leave no visible traces of his handywork. They are isolated, or planted in groups, upon appropriate sites, so as to open pleasant prospects, or to conceal ungainly ones. Walks are directed among them with reference to agreeable points of view. Rustic seats invite to rest, where the eye may dwell upon a rich and luxuriant landscape. Shrubbery is employed to unite larger masses of foliage, and to promote harmony of design. Flowers are introduced for brilliant effects, to enrich a foreground, or to embellish some object of interest, to which at the same time they attract attention; and the whole, when the labor of the horticulturist has worked all its wonders, although the result of the most refined taste and accurate judgment lays its best claim to consideration in its near approach to a beauty, that we have learned to appreciate and admire in the natural landscape.

There are but few connected with our association, who have opportunity to exercise their skill in the more extended science of landscape gardening: and the horticulture, that we practice, has more frequently for its purpose the collection and care of individual specimens of trees, shrubs, plants and flowers, than their combination for pictorial effect. Instead of being scattered over the lawn, or grouped into bright spots upon the land-

scape, the floral treasures of every clime are collected in gorgeous profusion in the greenhouse, where the strange fellowships that accident produces—as the growths of the remotest regions are brought into unwonted contiguity upon the shelves—give a piquant and peculiar interest, in addition to that which is excited by the colors, the shapes or the properties of the plants. Or, perhaps, as is more frequently the case, the only landscape that we can command, the only greenhouse that we possess, is to be found in the narrow precincts of the window sill, where, perhaps, a solitary rose, in its red earthen pot and saucer, is all of the world of flowers that we have been able to obtain, to cheer and ornament our apartment, and to gratify a taste, which, had opportunity served, might have made of us a Stewart or a Loudon. But your true horticulturist is not always to be estimated by the extent of his possessions or the profusion of his specimens. Pride may be his predominant feeling, who, as he looks around him, can call the broad landscape his. Ambition may alone actuate him who has made the world tributary to his greenhouse, or who has forced a japonica, until its petals are a hair's breadth wider than the plant has produced before. He, however, who amid the active pursuits of life, finds pleasure and recreation in watching the expansion of each bud, the growth of each leaf, though but of a solitary plant, which the sun only reaches by struggling among the eaves and the chimney tops—until he learns to love it,—he has within him the true spirit of horticulture, and deserves to be considered as among the most estimable of its votaries.

The wants of man very soon led him to the discovery of the vegetables, which were proper for his food, and it is easy to imagine, that, in a short time, he undertook the cultivation of them, to ensure a certainty in his supplies. It is more difficult to imagine, however, the circumstances, under which the culture of flowers became an object of his attention. The heart of that being, though, must have been an honest one, his disposition and sentiments amiable and refined, who first took the wild rose from its native soil and placed it where he might constantly watch over it, finding his homely but pure pleasure in the beauty and fragrance, that it imparted to his homestead. Little wist he of the brilliant destinies of the flower whose career commenced under his auspices; how, sheltered from the storm, and nourished with a more generous soil, it would multiply its petals and increase in size; how passion would adopt it for its representative, and make it a volume of unwritten meaning to her, who received it as the token of affection; how it would become the comparative of the blush on the cheek of woman, and of the rich hue that precedes the rising, and lingers after the setting sun; how for it, and its fellows, the gardens of Babylon would extend their pillared terraces along the banks of the Euphrates; how, in later days, it would be recognized as the badge of party in the hot strife of civil war, and that, which had once boasted no other observer than the nightingale, who urged his devious flight and uttered his silvery song in the shady solitudes where it flourished, would be borne on the helms, and embroidered on the banners of opposing hosts. Yet such is but a small portion of the history of

the flower. The nightingale is no longer its only worshipper. It is twined among the tresses, or sleeps upon the bosom of the bride. It is the choicest ornament of the banquet. It imparts a melancholy beauty to the grave: and the associations that now surround it,

"Thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa,"

give to it an interest, fully equal to that, which it derives from its fragrance or its form.

Nor is there a single flower, from the hardy native, that flourishes in perfection on the most rugged spots, to the rare exotic, requiring the utmost care to preserve it through the seasons, that has not its train of pleasant memories. The superstitions of Eld cluster around them. Holy writ resorts to them for its brilliant imagery. "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley; as the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters," says the monarch's song. They have been used at the heathen sacrifice: they have decorated the christian altar. While the spirit of change has come over all other things, these gems of the hill side and the valley have never lost their hold on our affections. In youth, they were our play things; in maturer age, they are the objects of our admiration; and, as years accumulate upon us, they remind us, in a thousand ways, that, with all his nice perceptions, his wonderful organization, his vast acquirements, his consummate skill, man is but as a flower of the field, that springeth up and then withereth away.

In pagan times, the flowers had a deity appropriated to them for their guardian. Priestesses of surpassing beauty ministered at her shrine; and crowds of votaries thronged to her high festivals with the rare and lovely productions, which they fancied that her breath had brought into being, while her hand had wrought all their charms.—Centuries have elapsed since these things were, and the custom, to judge from appearances, has not yet fallen into desuetude. Beauty still ministers at the shrine. The multitude of votaries still come up to the annual festival; and the offerings, instead of having diminished in number or in value, instead of being limited to the productions of a single land, are now gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and laid, with the homage of pure thoughts and innocent pride, on the altar of the flowers. But the heathen goddess no longer holds her place in the affections of the people. The hue of the rose is no longer attributed to the magic of her pencil, its fragrance is no longer regarded as proceeding from her treasury of sweets. The homage, that is now offered, through the medium of these, the brilliant creations of his omnipotence, is unto Him, who made the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is, and who, in planting in the bosom of man that admiration for the beautiful and the good, which has now assembled us together, has enabled him to recognise within him the presence of the spirit that connects him with his Creator.

A GOOD FLEECE.—Mr. George W. Leonard, of Talbot County, Md. sheared this spring, from six sheep, forty-two pounds clean washed wool; making an average of seven pounds to each sheep. Three or four pounds, we believe, is a common average.—*Easton Gas.*

## THE BREEDER & MANAGER.

[From the London Lancet.]

LECTURES ON VETERINARY MEDICINE,  
Delivered in the University of London, by Mr.  
Youatt.

### LECTURE I.—CONCLUDED.

It is judiciously remarked by Dr. Bostock, that inspiration is the vital act, and that expiration is the mechanical return to quietude by the elastic re-contraction of the parts displaced, whether we consider the cartilages, the diaphragm, or the lungs themselves.

What is effected by the filling and emptying of these living bellows, the lungs? I will not detain you by enlarging on any of the secondary effects of respiration,—such as the dependence of the voice on the passage of air,—the acceleration or retardation of the circulation, by the occasional pressure on the thoracic and abdominal viscera,—the assistance of digestion, and of the expulsion of the feces,—the maintenance of the proper degree of temperature in the frame,—and the sense of smell. But there is one fact of peculiar moment. The blood that flows from the left ventricle of the heart through the aorta into the whole frame, is red, vital, able to support the secretions, and to nourish and build up the body; but, having parted with some of its substance and properties in performing its duties, or by the absorbing power of the vessels,—from the direct influx, of fluid through the lymphatics, having mixed with other ingredients, and acquired a different character,—it becomes black, and, if not poisonous, yet inefficient to carry on life; it is no longer able to bestow on the tissues the power of contractility. If supplied with this blood unpurified, every muscle of organic and animal life would instantly cease to act; and the heart, the very source of circulation, would at once stop, and the animal immediately die. The grand effect produced by respiration, then, is, to change the venous blood to arterial—the inefficient to efficient.

How is all this effected? What mysterious change is it that takes place in the circulatory fluid? The venous or impure blood is sent from the right ventricle of the heart to the lungs through the pulmonary artery, which branches into divisions more and more minute, until they are many times less than a hair; and these minute vessels ramify over the cells in the lungs in which the air-passages terminate. When these cells are distended with air, the air and the blood are separated from each other only by such gossamer-like membranes, that one can act upon the other: by this process the blood is purified.

It will be my pleasing task, in other lectures, to describe, and to illustrate by experiment, the chemical effect which thus takes place. The blood has received a quantity of carbon, and has acquired other matters which need to be modified and changed. One of the ingredients in atmospheric air is oxygen, which has a strong affinity for the carbon, and also for these other matters, and a double decomposition, or change of principles, takes place in the little cells in which the blood and air have been brought into contact. The carbon quits the blood and combines with some of the oxygen of the air, and forms carbonic acid; and more of the oxygen quits the air and unites

with the other injurious and unknown substances in the blood. By this loss of carbon and gain of oxygen the blood is changed from venous to arterial—from poisonous to vital—the contractility of the tissues to which it is sent can continue, and all the functions of life are discharged.

You see, then, with what important physiological matter the respiratory system is full; and that, with reference to disease, it contains next to, or more than, the foot, that which most interests us in pathology. Nasel gleet, glanders, roaring, bronchitis, catarrhal fever, pneumonia, pleurisy, broken wind, thick wind, and various other chest affections, will pass in review before us; and, indirectly, it involves many a subject most intimately connected with the health and usefulness of all domesticated animals.

### THE NASAL CAVITY OF THE HORSE.

*Its Structure.*—The respiratory passages open on the external air at the nostrils of the horse, and at the mouth and nostrils of other patients. The mechanism of the velum palati, or soft palate, prevents the horse from breathing through his mouth. The nasal cavity will therefore first come under consideration.

Its bony parietes are composed of the nasal, the superior and anterior maxillary bones, the ethmoid, the palatine bones, and the vomer; and it contains the convoluted portion of the ethmoid bones, the superior and inferior turbinated bones, the lachrymal duct, and the canalis infra orbitarius.

I will endeavor to give a brief description of each. First, observe the nasal bones in the horse, occupying the greater part of the face. We find them connected, externally, with the frontals, posteriorly; the lachrymals, laterally and posteriorly; the superior maxillaries, laterally, and along the middle part of the face; and laterally and anteriorly with the termination of the process of the anterior maxillary, received between them and the superior maxillary. Along the median line of the face is the nasal suture which unites them to each other. Within they are connected with the cartilaginous septum and the posterior turbinated bone.

Observe the form of the nasals—broad, and rounded above, tapering to a point below, the curve being on the outer and lower edge, and the edges by which they are united together constituting a straight line from the frontals to the nose. Together, they have been said to bear no slight resemblance to the heart painted on a pack of cards.

They are vaulted—convex without and concave within—forming the crown of an arch. In the heavy draught-horse the nasals so unite as to constitute one tolerably regular and perfect arch; in the blood-horse the curve of each nasal is narrower, and they form two little arches with a depression between them along the suture. In either case two objects are effected, strength and lightness—the arched roof gives strength to a part exposed to injury from accident or brutality, and that with as little weight as possible, for the head being appended from the long lever of the neck, a very small addition of weight here would act with great mechanical disadvantage.

The nasal bones pursue their course down the face in some horses in a straight line; in others, there is a slight prominence towards the upper

part; while in a considerable number a depression is observed a little lower down. Some equine physiognomists have imagined that this deviation in the line of the face affords some indication of the temper of the animal, and I believe there is a little truth in it.

*Its Indication of Temper.*—Of the horse with straight profile much cannot be predicated: he may be good or bad tempered, but is not often either to any excess. The one with a prominent Roman nose will not possess his comparative share of either the intelligence or the courage of the ancient illustrious proprietors, of this projecting organ, but he will be an easy, good-tempered kind of beast, hardy, ready enough to eat, not quite so ready perhaps to work; he may be made to do his duty without any cruel urging, but he will have little pretention to speed or to blood. On the other hand, a depression across the centre of the nose generally indicates some breeding, especially if the head is small, but it is occasionally accompanied by a vicious, uncontrollable disposition.

There is another way, however, in which the nasal bones more certainly indicate the breed, viz. by their comparative length or shortness. There is no surer criterion of a well-bred horse than a broad angular-forehead, prominent features, and a short face; nor of a horse of little breeding than a narrow forehead, small features, and lengthened nose. The comparative development of the head and the face indicates, with little error, the comparative preponderance of the animal or intellectual principle.

*Structure of the Nasal Bones in the Horse.*—Observe the manner in which the nasal bones are connected with the neighboring ones; see their strangely-intricate mortised connection with the frontal bones above. This gives a firmness of attachment between these bones, which no human ingenuity could have better contrived. A separation of one from the other is almost impossible. Here strength is principally wanted. The parts most concerned with the sense of smell lie underneath. There, the blow of brutal violence will oftenest fall; or should it fall lower, and the bone should yield, it would act with the increased power, of a lever in separating the frontals from the bones above.

Trace the connection with the superior maxillary bones below. It is necessary that the base of the arch should be firm, or it will support but little weight, and resist little force. The buttress here is singularly and admirably contrived. There is not merely the overlapping or squamous suture of the temporal bone, but the superior maxillary is split into two laminae, and the nasal bones are received deeply between them, so that, whatever may be the force impressed on its crown, it is almost impossible that the arch of the nasal bones should give way at its base. Still lower down, where the process of the anterior succeeds to the superior maxillary, and the apices of the nasals are continued, unsupported, for two or three inches, and the attachment of these bones to those below ceases, the suture terminates with an increase of strength that almost defies injury, for the nasals are received equally deep between the plates of bone, and these bones are many times thicker than the superior maxillaries. The nasals are at-



tached to each other by a denticulated suture as far as the ethmoid bone extends: when the cavity becomes a mere air-passage, they are less firmly united, and towards the apices have little more than a cartilaginous attachment. Even in the disposition of the bones of the nose there are evident proofs of admirable contrivance.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**ENCOURAGING TO YOUNG MEN.**—What was Nathaniel Green, whom Washington termed the "first soldier of the revolution?" He was a *blacksmith*, and raised himself to the enviable station which he acquired by his thirst for knowledge, and untiring industry.

Who does not remember, or who has not read of the *bookbinder*, Knox, and the fame and honor which he acquired by his own exertion?

Willet, also, who was called "the bravest of the brave," and who moved so conspicuously among the master spirits of his time, came from among the mechanics of New-York.

We will not suppose any reader ignorant of Franklin, the poor *journeymen printer*, who amidst the varied avocations of a busy life, had made himself one of the most accomplished men of the times, and after attaining the highest honors of scientific fame, in his venerable and illustrious old age brought all that learning, science, and fame to the service of liberty.

When, too, will be forgotten the influence of the giant intellect of the once humble *shoemaker* of Connecticut, Roger Sherman, an intellect which won the confidence otherwise, and swayed the opinions of the multitude?

To come down to our own times. Look at the poor Rhode Island *cooper*, in the person of the eloquent Tristram Burges, an honored representative on the floor of Congress!

I must stop—but not for lack of similar examples—I could fill your useful sheet with them Mr. Editor. Oh, that every young man, in our city and country, while struggling, it may be in poverty, and looking with envy to the gay and the affluent, would remember these things.—*Hunt. Gaz.*

**General Gaines**—as chairman of the committee of correspondence, on the subject of the great southern rail road, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, projected at a convention in Tennessee some time since, has entered into a correspondence with Governor Lumpkin of Georgia, respecting the proper route. The views of the Governor were given at large; they were first published in the Memphis (La.) Times, and have been transferred to the Savannah papers. The principal point it discusses is the most convenient seaport on the Atlantic at which the road should terminate, in order to be of the greatest national benefit. Charleston and Savannah are the only commercial cities which are taken into the comparison. Of the whole project, Governor Lumpkin thinks highly.

He expresses the opinion that "it surpasses every other work, either executed, or which has been submitted to the American people." His views of it, as operating upon the immediate interests of Georgia, somewhat qualify his zeal in

its behalf. He offers, if the road could be directed through the central part of the State, and terminate in Savannah, to advise and urge the application of the whole of the energies and resources of the State to forward it; but he thinks that if it be carried through the northern boundary, and terminated elsewhere, though it might be of equal general benefit, its effects upon the other improvements of the State would be unpropitious. He fears that the necessary State improvements would be retarded; all which means, we suppose, that the State ought to be guided in its patronage by the influence of the proposed road upon its peculiar interests. Governor Lumpkin expresses his warm wishes for the success of the road, whatever route it may take, and intimates that, if that less favorable to Georgia should be taken, measures might be taken to connect the State Improvements with it.

**FRAUD IN WOOL.**—The practice of rolling up a quantity of pulled wool, tag-locks, and filth in fleeces, has become so prevalent of late in many of the wool-growing districts, that it is proper at this time, when shearing is near at hand, to caution those who are about to purchase wool of the farmers, to examine critically the condition in which the wool is put up, and whenever fraud is discovered, the severest penalty the law will permit, should be inflicted on the perpetrator. Instances have occurred where nearly a fourth part of the weight of what was supposed to be purely fleece wool, has proved to be something of an entirely different character. Many extensive manufacturers have declared it as their determination not to purchase wool at any rate unless it is in good condition.—*Boston Courier.*

**HONESTY.**—A boy, whose honesty is more to be recommended than his ingenuity, once carried some butter to a merchant in a country village to exchange for goods.—The butter having a very beautiful appearance, and the merchant being desirous of procuring such for his own use invited the boy to bring him all the butter his mother had to spare. 'I think,' said the boy, 'she can't spare any more for she said she would not have spared this, only a rat fell into the cream and she did not like to use it herself.'

**GOOD HUMOUR.**—Good humour is the fair weather of the soul, which calms the turbulent gust of passion, and diffuses a perpetual gladness and serenity over the heart; and he who finds his temper naturally inclined to break out into sudden bursts of fretfulness and ill humour, should be as much upon his guard to repress the storm, that is forever beating in his mind as to fence against the inclemencies of the season. We are naturally attached even to animals that betray a softness of disposition. We are pleased with the awkward fondness and fidelity of the dog.—*Anon.*

**WHISKEY.**—A Bratleborough, Vt. paper says that a woman in the western part of this state called on a neighbor not long since to borrow a few pounds of flour. The neighbor told her, he thought it would be better if her husband would take some of his wheat to mill, instead of going

to the store every morning to buy a gallon of whiskey—what in the world, says he, do you do with so much whiskey? 'Oh,' says the woman, 'a gallon of whiskey is nothing in a family of small children like ours, considering we don't keep a cow.'

**STEAM & THE TURN OUTS.**—The turn-out of the Lancashire (Eng.) workmen in the building trade has introduced a curious application of the steam engine. This machine is now employed instead of manual labor, in hoisting building materials to the top of the edifice, where they are intended to be used. The Liverpool custom house is at the present moment rising into existence by the assistance of a steam engine, which raises sixteen thousand bricks *per diem*, with seven or eight tons of mortar, and at the same time mixes mortar below.

The London paper announces the death of the Marquis of Breadalbané, and the Marchioness of Hertford. The funerals of both were attended with distinguished pomp—the carriages of the Royal Household moving in the procession of the latter. The Marquis of Breadalbané has bestowed legacies to the amount of £6000 upon various religious and other charities, and a whole year's rent upon each of his tenants whose rents are under the sum of £45.

**DEATH OF GOV. ED. LOYD.**—The death of the Hon. EDWARD LOYD, formerly Governor of the State of Maryland, and more recently a member of the United States Senate, took place at Annapolis on the 4th instant, after a short illness.—His name is intimately connected with the history of the State to which he belonged, and was for many years identified with that of the United States in a high trust. Long and intimately connected with every important movement in Maryland, placed repeatedly and at an early age in her deliberative assemblies, transferred successively to both branches of the National Legislature, and called to preside in her Chief Executive Magistracy, his career has been a conspicuous one, and was marked throughout by a reputation for abilities and patriotism, and strict undeviating rectitude, well earned and uniformly maintained. Of late years he had abandoned the contests of a political life, and retired to the cultivation of his beautiful estate on the Eastern Shore; surrounded by all that could give pleasure to his pursuits, or minister to his domestic enjoyments. The summons came, and he has gone to surrender up the account of stewardship; admonishing all who are left to mourn his loss,—*"be ye also ready."*

The flea, grasshopper and locust jump 200 times their own length: were a man's strength in proportion, he could leap a quarter of a mile at a single bound.

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## BALTIMORE PRODUCE MARKET.

These Prices are carefully corrected every MONDAY.

	PER.	FROM	TO
BRANDY, Apple,.....	gallon.	\$0 27	—
Peach,.....	"	75	—
BEANS, white field,.....	bushel.	2 00	—
BEEF, on the hoof,.....	100lbs.	6 25	7 00
CORN, yellow,.....	bushel.	66	67
White,.....	"	66	67
COTTON, Virginia,.....	pound.	10	12
North Carolina,.....	"	11	12 1/2
Upland,.....	"	11	14
FEATHERS,.....	pound.	36	37
FLAXSEED,.....	bushel.	1 00	1 25
FLOUR—Best white wheat family,.....	barrel.	6 50	7 00
Do. do. baker's,.....	"	5 75	6 25
Do. do. Superfine,.....	"	5 00	5 25
Super Howard street,.....	"	4 94	5 00
" wagon price,.....	"	4 75	—
City Mills, extra,.....	"	5 12	5 37
Do. ....	"	4 75	4 87
Susquehanna,.....	"	5 12	—
Rye,.....	"	3 37	—
GRASS SEEDS, red Clover,.....	bushel.	4 00	4 50
Timothy (herds of the north)	"	—	—
Orchard,.....	"	3 00	—
Tall meadow Oat,.....	"	2 50	—
Herds, or red top,.....	"	1 25	—
HAY, in bulk,.....	ton.	15 00	16 00
Ppressed,.....	100 lbs	—	95
HEMP, country, dew rotted,.....	pound.	6	7
" water rotted,.....	"	7	8
LIME,.....	bushel.	30	35
MUSTARD SEED, Foreign,.....	"	4 50	5 00
Domestic,.....	"	5 00	—
OATS,.....	"	31	33
OIL, linseed,.....	gallon.	85	90
CASTOR OIL,.....	"	1 70	1 80
PEAS, red eye,.....	bushel.	—	—
Black eye,.....	"	—	1 50
Lady,.....	"	—	—
PLASTER PARIS, in the stone,.....	ton.	3 25	—
Ground,.....	barrel.	1 37	—
PALMA CHRISTA BEAN,.....	bushel.	2 00	—
RAGS,.....	pound.	3	4
RYE,.....	bushel.	70	—
TOBACCO, crop, common,.....	100 lbs	3 50	5 00
" brown and red,.....	"	4 50	6 00
" fine red,.....	"	6 00	8 00
" wrapper, suitable	"	—	—
for segars,.....	"	6 00	12 00
" yellow and red,.....	"	8 00	12 00
" yellow,.....	"	13 00	17 00
" fine yellow,.....	"	15 00	22 00
Seconds, as in quality, ..	"	4 00	5 00
" ground leaf, ..	"	5 00	9 00
Virginia,.....	"	4 00	—
Rappahannock,.....	"	3 00	4 00
Kentucky,.....	"	4 00	5 00
WHEAT, white,.....	bushel.	—	—
Red,.....	"	—	—
WHISKY, 1st pf. in bbls,.....	gallon.	23 1/2	24 1/2
" in hds,.....	"	21	21 1/2
" wagon price,.....	"	20	—
WAGON FREIGHTS, to Pittsburgh,.....	100 lbs	1 50	—
" To Wheeling,.....	"	1 62	—
WOOL, Prime & Saxon Fleeces, ..	pound.	50 to 60	24 to 26
Full Merino,.....	"	40	50 20 24
Three fourths Merino,.....	"	33	40 18 20
One half do,.....	"	27	33 16 18
Common & one fourth Meri.	"	22	27 16 18
Pulled,.....	"	25	30 16 18

## BUCKWHEAT.

THIS article is very scarce and high in price in our market this summer. I have however obtained a small quantity for seed, which I offer to my customers at \$1.50 per bushel.

I. I. HITCHCOCK,

June 17. American Farmer Establishment.

## CUBA TOBACCO SEED.

JUST received from Matanzas, a few ounces of the true Cuba Tobacco Seed, from La Vuelta de Mayo, warranted in prime order—Price \$1.00 per ounce.

I. I. HITCHCOCK.

## BALTIMORE PROVISION MARKET.

	PER.	FROM.	TO.
APPLES,.....	barrel.	\$2 00	\$2 50
BACON, hams,.....	pound.	10	—
Shoulders,.....	"	—	8
Middlings,.....	"	7	8
BUTTER, printed, in lbs. & half lbs.	"	18	25
Roll,.....	"	12	18
CIDER,.....	barrel.	—	—
CALVES, three to six weeks old,.....	each.	3 00	6 00
COWS, new milch,.....	"	15 00	27 00
Dry,.....	"	9 00	12 00
CORN MEAL, for family use,.....	100lbs.	1 50	1 56
CHOP RYE,.....	"	1 56	1 62
EGGS,.....	dozen.	12	—
FISH, Shad, trimmed,.....	—	—	—
" salted,.....	barrel.	6 37	—
Herrings, salted, No. 1 & 2,.....	"	3 87	—
Mackerel, No. 1, 2 & 3,.....	"	4 75	6 25
Cod, salted,.....	pound.	3	—
LAMBS, alive,.....	each.	1 25	2 00
Slaughtered,.....	quart'r	37 1/2	75
LARD,.....	pound.	8	—
POULTRY, Fowls,.....	dozen.	3 50	—
Chickens,.....	"	1 50	—
Ducks,.....	"	87	1 50
POTATOES, Irish,.....	bushel.	75	—
Sweet,.....	quart.	6	—
VEAL, fore quarters,.....	pound.	6	—
Hind do. ....	"	8	—

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

IN a season like the present when the grass crops are not so abundant as usual, MILLET must be deemed by the farmer an important and eligible substitute. With this view I have procured a small quantity of the seed, which I offer for sale at \$1.50 per bushel.

I have also as usual a full supply of Ruta Baga, white flat and many other kinds of TURNIP SEED, which I believe is of first quality. Also Early French, Early York, Early George, Early Sugarloaf, and sundry other kinds of CABBAGE SEED, which I know to be genuine. Also, a full and general assortment of GARDEN SEED, including nearly every article in that line.

I. I. HITCHCOCK,

June 17. American Farmer Establishment.

## AN EXCELLENT GARDENER.

A MAN having with him abundant evidence of his skill in Gardening, and not unacquainted with Farming also, and having an excellent general character, is desirous of obtaining employment. Any gentleman desiring the services of such a man, may address, (post paid,) I. I. HITCHCOCK,

June 17. American Farmer Establishment.

## DALE'S NEW HYBRID TURNIP.

THE subscriber now offers to the agriculturists a new and decidedly superior variety of Turnip, originated by R. Dale, esq. an intelligent farmer, near Edinburgh, Scotland; it was obtained by unwearied attention in crossing the Swedish or Ruta Baga Turnip; it is superior in size and flavor to the Ruta Baga; is closer and finer in the texture; it is rapid in its growth as the White Flat Turnip. In fact, it includes the great desideratum in the selection of a proper variety of the Turnip which is to obtain the greatest possible weight at a given expense of manure. This variety seems to be more adapted to this end than any other sort introduced; it will be found superior in quality to any of the White Field Turnips, and keeps longer than any of them, and very near as long as the Ruta Baga—the color is yellow—the shape oblong. Price 25 cents per ounce. The season for sowing is at hand.

I. I. HITCHCOCK,

June 10. Amer. Farm. Estab.

## IMPROVED STOCK.

FOR SALE—A full blood Durham improved short horned BULL, two half blood yearling BULLS, also several half and three quarter blood HEIFERS of different ages. These cattle are immediately descended from the stock of the late R. Colling (of England) a celebrated breeder.

Apply to the Editor, or at the farm of the proprietor, near Taneytown, Frederick county, Maryland.

May 30 4t

C. BIRNIE.

## THE 7-8 SHORT HORN DURHAM BULL "DUKE" IS FOR SALE.

DUKE is 2 years old, red and white, by Parson, dam Isabella; Parson is by Bishop, dam, Moss Rose, (imported in 1821, bred by Mr. Ashcroft,) got by Phenomenon—Isabella is by the celebrated imported bull Lothario, dam, Meg, by Billy Austin. Duke is of uncommon fine size and figure, pronounced by judges to have every point and appearance of a full bred. Price (to suit the times) \$150.

Also—Several 3-4 blood HEIFERS, with their first calves, will be disposed of at \$100 each. Application to be made (post paid) to I. I. HITCHCOCK, May 30 American Farmer Establishment.

## NOTICE.

I WILL sell my FARM on South River, at private sale. It contains upwards of a

THOUSAND ACRES,

and possesses more advantages than most farms. Any information which may be required will be afforded to those who will call upon me at my residence in this city, or on H. H. Harwood, Esq. at the Farmers' Bank of Maryland. RICHARD HARWOOD of Thos.

Annapolis, May 30, 1884.

## GREY SULPHUR SPRINGS, OF VIRGINIA.

THE Subscriber having purchased this Spring, has erected Buildings for the accommodation of a small Company, the present season; and contemplates making such other improvements as may become necessary.

THIS SPRING is situated near the celebrated and fashionable Sulphur Springs of Virginia, being 9 miles from the Red Sulphur, 23 miles from the Salt Sulphur, and but three quarters of a mile from Peterstown. In consequence of the small quantity of water hitherto yielded by this Spring, it attracted but little notice, and was known but to the immediate neighbourhood. Having opened the rock through which it flows, a large supply has been obtained, sufficient for the use of several hundred visitors.

The water is beautifully clear and cool, and leaves a greyish deposit, with a slight tinge of red on the surface, similar to that of the Red Sulphur Spring. Some of the water taken from the Spring and analyzed, has been found to contain the following ingredients—some of them in considerable quantities, viz: Carbonate of Soda, Carbonate of Lime, Sulphate of Soda, Oxide of Lithion, Oxide of Selenium, and Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas—which, at the Spring, is in such quantities as to rise in bubbles. It is highly probable that other ingredients, which are in smaller quantities, will be found, on an analysis being made at the Spring, as the quantity of water brought away, did not permit of as minute an examination, as is necessary to determine whether other ingredients are not also held in solution. Those physicians to whom this analysis has been submitted, have given it as their opinion, that these waters will prove especially beneficial in Dyspeptic cases, as well as other diseases. It is also highly probable from some experiments which have been made, that these waters may be alternated with those of the Red Sulphur Springs with much effect. There is a Post-Office at Peterstown, to which all letters should be directed.

Persons from the lower part of the Southern States, wishing to visit these Springs, should take the route by Charlotte, Salisbury and Salem, North-Carolina, and from the latter place, cross over by "Goods" Gap, to Newbern, and from thence to Giles Court-House and Peterstown. This is the shortest and believed to be as good, if not better than any other. The route through Tennessee to Newbern, may also be taken, but is longer.

The accommodations and style of living, as far as practicable, will be made to conform, to that usually found in the private families of the Southern States.

JOHN D. LEGARE.

Charleston, So. Ca. May 1, 1884—June 6.

## DEVON CATTLE.

THE subscriber has the selling of a considerable number and variety of these valuable cattle at prices unusually low, viz: Bulls from 75 to \$100; Cows and Heifers from 60 to \$80, and Calves, one year old and less, from 40 to \$60. More particular information may be had by application to I. I. HITCHCOCK, May 9. American Farmer Establishment.

## WANTED,

BUCKWHEAT FOR SEED, I. I. HITCHCOCK, May 9. American Farmer Establishment.